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THOUGHTS

OF AN

Honest Tory

UPON THE

Present Proceedings

OF THAT

PARTY.

In a Letter to a Friend in Town.

L O N D O N

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THE UO

ADVERTISEMENT

IT is hoped, that the Gentleman who wrote this Letter, will not take it amiss that it's now published by one, into whose Hands it came : Since it will be a Credit to his own Party to have it appear, that there is yet left some Sense of Honour and Honesty amongst them; And the Reader will not wonder that he speaks so sincerely, and plainly, when he considers that it was written in confidence, and in his private Correspondence with a very particular Friend.



THE
THOUGHTS
OF AN
Honest T O R Y, &c.

In a Letter to a Friend in Town.

YOU know, my Friend, that I take a great deal of Pleasure in communicating my Thoughts to You, especially when they are such as lie heavy upon my Mind. I cannot forbear giving my self this Relief, and you are always so kind as to esteem it the part of Friendship to bear with me in it. I need not tell you that my Sentiments in Matters relating both to Church and State, have been ever conformable to *your own*. The same Fears, the same Hopes, the same Joys, the same Sorrows, have been hitherto entertained by us both. But I know not how it is: I cannot, by any means, enter into the measures of your last Letter; nor by any means receive that Satisfaction from some Appearances, which you seem to have receiv'd. Whether it be that your closer Con-
versation

sation with some Persons of *refined Politicks* in Town, hath a little alter'd your Soul from that regard to *Right and Just*, which seem'd once inflexibly to possess it; or that the Quiet and Composure of my *Country Seat* gives me more leasure and inclination to melancholy Reflections; or what the *Reason* is, I am not able to try.

The Day is our own, you tell me; *We are just now coming into play again. The Credit of the Ministry is gone: The Reputation of the Whigs sunk to nothing: There are those who have satisfied Her Majesty, that We are Her true Friends; that the House of Commons must be dissolved; a Total Alteration made:* and the like. How this would once have rejoiced my Heart, I need not tell you. But I confess, a walk or two in my Garden, and a Thought or two upon the Matter, hath made me at present entertain but too melancholy Apprehensions concerning this piece of News. If you will give me leave to speak my Mind freely, as I used to do, I will own to you that I am quite sick at the review of the Methods our Friends have used to gain this happy Prospect, and at the Consequences which at this time present themselves to my Thoughts. Honour obtain'd by dishonourable Means, must end in Dishonour: And Honour obtain'd by shaking the *Publick Happiness*, is only a more visible Disgrace. These are my Maxims which recurr perpetually to my Mind at this time.

A little *Patience* might have made way for our Friends, without that load of *Infamy* which must now stick to our Cause, till it hath eaten into it and consumed it. You and others, I find; fondly imagine; that the late *Trial*, and our Management upon it, have laid the Foundation of our Reign. And

But I fear, my Friend, that when the whole Matter comes to be sedately considered, both the *Trial* and our *Management*, and the *Man* who was the occasion of all, will hang like a *Millstone* about the Neck of our *Cause*, till it sink lower than ever it hath yet been. I know several considering Persons in our Parts, who were a little wavering before, now entirely confirm'd that the *Tories* care not if the Affairs of *Europe* be entirely confounded, so their personal Ends be answered; and that no Methods are too bad for them to encourage and make use of. And between Friends, a little more of the like Management cannot but alienate my self from a Cause which I have hitherto been heartily engaged in. You know that tho' I am for the *Church*, I am for *Religion* too; and tho' I join with the *Tories*, yet I took *Oaths* with a sincere design of being faithful to them: And therefore you will not wonder if I look with grief upon some Proceedings.

What defence shall we make for raising a *Mob*, upon the formentioned occasion, where ever we could? It cannot be palliated, It cannot be denied. To cast it now upon the *other Party*, is only adding to the Wickedness: And to do it, as some of our Friends do, even whilst themselves are boasting of having the *Mob* against the *Whigs*, is to gross and bare-faced a Contradiction. I have to my grief, heard several glorying in it: and I am my self witness, that no care was on our side taken to suppress it; but a great deal to hinder the punishment of any who were concerned in it. If ever there can be such a thing as *Rebellion* against *Queen*, *Lords*, and *Commons*; this may justly be so accounted. And this is our *Glory*, which ought to be our *Shame*;

What shall we say to the *Insults* made upon the Sentence pass'd, by *Bonfires, Illuminations, Riotous Assemblies*, encouraged, or connived at amongst us universally? When it is asked, Are these the Men who are crying out upon *others* as the *Promoters of Rebellion*? Are these the *Passive, the Submissive* Disciples of the *Cross*? What shall be answer'd to the *Adversaries*? You know what my Opinion hath always been of the other side: But I must own, that my Reading will not furnish me with a *Parallel*, nor can I say that they have ever, upon so slight an occasion, (a Man judicially call'd to account) shewn so turbulent and seditious a Spirit. And put the *Case* that at this time, they had been as ready to return Injuries, as *others* to offer them, and as desirous of fomenting Disturbances, as we have usually thought them, what must have been the *Event* but something terrible and bloody? something which I cannot, without Horror, think of? But it seems our Methods, which I used to think open, honest, and generous, must now be wholly altered. Nothing is *bad*, so it be for a *good End*: Nothing to be balk'd that can serve a Purpose. Nor hath our great Management stop'd at these *Tumults*, and *Insults* upon the whole *Legislature* by which we have shewn our Value to our *Constitution*. If all the Profelytes we have gain'd, and all the Ignorant Men and Women, we have spirited up for us, on this occasion, by Lies, and Calumnies; by personal undeserved Praises, and undeserved Abuses, were taken away, I fear the remainder would be very inconsiderable. The *Man*, who is now, it seems, made our *Campion*, we both agree, is not more hated by one side, than He is heartily despised by the other. For my own part, I have heard such a Character

racter of Him, that I never desire to have to do
 with Him. Our Friends, indeed, pay him, as they
 would do a *Fidler*, that plays the *Tune* that is called
 for, and helps forward a *Country-Dance*: And they
 seem inwardly to value him as much as they do such
 a one. You know in the *House of Commons*, they
 did not think fit to say one Word in his behalf, or
 in the behalf of his *Sermon*. In the *House of Lords*,
 it was pleaded by them, that the *Sermon* was inco-
 herent *Nonsense*, and he that could preach it, little
 better than mad; and this was thought the best
 that it was proper to say for Him. All the World
 knows, He was not to be trusted with the manage-
 ment of his own *Cause*; or with any thing but the
 speaking such Words as were put into his Mouth.
 And yet to this Man we must wisely tack our For-
 tunes. The *Church of England*: Nay, the whole
Church of Christ, *Christianity* it self must be made
 dependent upon his Fate. His *Pictures*, His *Cause*,
 must be made our *Tools*. Who would not envy us
 such honourable Instruments? He is now, I hear, in
 his Progress, propagating his *Gospel*, making his Tri-
 umphant Entries into our Citys, receiving the obse-
 quious Homage of adorning Crowds, and dispensing
 his Blessings amongst them. I suppose, quickly we
 shall have a *Map* of our *Apostles Travels*, as there
 are of the others; and *Proposals* for setting up his
Statues in all *Market-Places*; and his *Picture* in all
Parish Churches. Hath He not a Friend in the
 World left to recall him, for his own Sake? Or hath
 not our *Party* one left to stop his *Career*, before he
 grows too *Ridiculous*, even to be a *Tool* any longer?
 And is all our *Argument* and *Reason*, dwindled into
 this? Have we nothing to say for our selves but
 by such a Mouth, and such a prevailing Figure?
 In

In my Conscience, I think it a Season for us to mourn, instead of rejoicing, if this be so. The *Man* himself will sink us in time.

And then, what shall we say of that numerous train of *Lies* and *Calumnies*, which our *Agents* with Applause, scatter abroad through the whole *Country*; especially a *News Writer* J. D-r, whom, however some may think of him, I cannot but esteem the greatest Infamy belonging to our Party. Justice is due to all Men. You may remember what a bare-faced Lie He told us about Dr. *West's* Sermon on the 30th of *January*: What Representations He hath made of Matters since, which we knew to be otherwise: and just now (what toucheth my Temper as tenderly as any thing) He hath been insulting Mr. *Dolben's* Death, to make *God's* Hand in a particular manner upon him: And confidently attributed that to Him, which I since know from those who attended Him on his Death-bed, to be a *notorious Falshood*. Numberless are the Instances of this nature: So many of late, that I have had a Suspicion these six Months, that the *Whigs* give him a *Pension* to ruin us, under pretence of serving us, by his scandalous *Lies*, and *Calumnies*.

Our *Addresses*, I own, make as deep an impression of melancholy upon my mind. Shall I, because I differ from Men in other things, presently go and represent to Her Majesty, and insinuate that they are *Republicans*, whom I know in my Conscience to be otherwise; that they are not *Churchmen*, whom I know to be so; or that they have designs, which I cannot prove ever to have entered into their Heads? And shall I so far forget my self, as to declare that *Right* to be the best *Right*, which I my self have *abjured* for the future? All the *Posts* and *Offices*, in

all the *Kingdoms* of this World, are not worthy of one such instance of *Foul-Play*. I cannot forbear doing Justice to all, and acting the part of a generous Enemy, as well as an honest Man. I asked one great Man, who brought me an *Address* to signe, whether he could name one single Person of any remark among the *Whigs*, who desires our present *Constitution* may be changed into a *Republick*; whether as great Friends as any we have, had not openly own'd *Passive Obedience*, to be a *limited Duty*; whether that which we *our selves* own to be true, should be made matter of reproach to others; whether our Cause could not be better supported without *Leis* and *Calumnies*, and the like. I found he could name no such *Republican*: And as for the *Doctrine* of *Non-resistance*, he frankly own'd between Friends that he believed all were of a mind about it, and that none would practice it in *Cases* of *Extremity*. He added, that by *Hereditary Right*, he for his part mean't no more than *Hereditary Right*, according to that *Act* which excludes *Papist*, and consequently destroys *Hereditary Right*: but that these *Terms* would serve as well as any in the World to break another Interest, and to keep up a *distinction* where there was no *difference*. I could not forbear answering him, that I detested *Popish Principles* and detested *Republican Principles*: But at this time found my *Detestation* to rise highest against those *false Friends*, who were now bringing an indelible disgrace upon a good Cause, by *Jesuitical*, and *Diabolical* methods. He seem'd to pity my *Honesty* and so took leave, As soon as he was gone, *Good God!* thought I to what a height shall we come at last, and where will such proceedings end? Our Cause may be carried indeed for the present by such methods

methods: But what *Cause* can long subsist by them? If we could not hold it, when we came regularly, and by the voluntary favour of our *Princifs*, into the *Posts* and *Trusts* of the Nation; how shall we be able to hold it, when we come to them under a burthen of such *Infamy* and *Dishoner*, as will one day or other appear in due Light, to the generality of the Nation?

And, my Friend, the circumstances of time should methinks stricke some little concern into every *British Heart*. Think to what a *Crisis* things are coming abroad; the great affair of Peace now on Foot; a *General* fighting our Battles, in whom the *Allies* have an intire confidence; the *Summer* almost half spent; the *Pretender* watching the lucky opportunity: At home, think of a Nation of Men mutually provoking, and provoked by one another hardly, at best, abstaining at this time from open quarrels. Is this a time for such a Total Alteration as must shake the confidence of Friends, and inspire the Enemy with Hopes? Is this the Season for an entire change of Hands, when *publick Credit* must be sunk into nothing, before the rest of *Europe* can have time to know vvhom they are to depend upon, and the People at home vvhom they are to trust? Is this a day for a *New General*, or to disgust the *Old*, vvhhen he is happily in the favour of all abroad, and in the midst of the Execution of glorious Projects? Or is this a time for a new choice of a House of *Commons*, vvhhen such an opportunity is more likely than ever to be improved by our *Common Enemies* into a *Civil War* amongst our selves? Should upon other Terms, have been as glad as a Man of such Alterations: But not upon the Terms of hazarding a total Ruin of us all together.

of endangering the *whole Confederacy*; of forcing upon *Europe* a dishonourable Peace, and of lying open our selves to the greatest Heats and Quarrels. As much as I have ever opposed the *Whigs*; & as heartily as I have ever espoused another Interest, I profess I would not, for all the World, be the Man who should at this time bring about so terrible and hazardous *Alterations*: Which can hardly, without a miracle, be unattended with the most fatal consequences, both *abroad* and at *Home*. Abroad, we cannot our selves deny it, the diffidence and distrust upon an entire change here, must be as great as we know, the confidence and security to be at present: And so the sole *End* of a twenty Years War, all at once disappointed, even when it is come within view of a Conclusion. At *Home* such threatnings have been given out, and such insults made, that I dread to think, lest the *field of Election* should become a *field of Battle*. This however, I cannot help foreboding, that if there be any one happy consequence of such changes at this time, it must be to the *Common Enemy*; if any miserable, it must be to our *native Country*:

Alas! Whither are we running so hastily? And what is the *Spirit* which we have been raising? We see the beginnings of these things; but we see not the end. Would it not make a Man of sober Sense, heart-sick, to hear what is vented, (by means of our encouragement, and our protection, *forsooth*) from those *Pulpits* in which our *Friends* do so superabundantly at this time *Triumph*! The young Man, just come from the *University*; and the old Man that hath been long in the World; (those I mean, that are called of our *Party*,) agree in making them too dear places of *Liberty*, how much soever they are against

against *Liberty* in others. Nothing hardly now to
 be heard of from them, but the superiority of the
Crown to every thing, except the *Church*; the In-
 dependency of *Church*, and *Churchmen* upon the State
 the *Royal* and *Divine Dignity* of the *Priesthood*; the
 entire *Dependence* of us poor *Laity* upon their *Absolu-*
tions and *Benedictions*; not without frequent Hint
 concerning the *restitution* of *Church-Lands*; and
 open declarations, that any notice taken by the
Civil Power, of what they think fit to deliver from
 the *Pulpit*, is downright *Persecution*, and *Usurpa-*
tion. Behold I am with you to the end of the World
 As my Father sent me, so send I you. A *Royal Priest-*
hood — Shall perish in the gain saying of *Core*. As
 for the old *Paths*. They that resist, &c. These and the
 like passages of *Scripture*, distorted from their ori-
 ginal *Design*, furnish them with plentiful matter
 for magnifying themselves and their Office; as well
 as for Preaching up the *Slavery* of all others. And as
 one madness of the people, draws on another; so
 who knows, what may be the consequence of so ma-
 ny fine harangues? Some, I find, are come already to
 talk of the *Catholick Church* of *England*. Which is
 the old *Popish Blunder* of a *universal particular*
Church. What they may come to next, I cannot
 divine. We have opened our *Preachers* Mouths
 and who shall shut them, we know not. We have
 taught them to cry out against all *judicial Notice*, and
sinous Wickedness, and *Diabolical Invasion*: And
 now it shall be lawful for them to vent any thing
 The more bold, the more like a *Minister* of *God*
 who is to answer at another *Tribunal*, for the abuse
 of his Office, and not to earthly Judges! If they
 are so weak, as to think, that we desire and long for
 their *Dominion*, any more than the *Whigs*, the

are as much mistaken as ever Men were: But if we still go on to encourage such a *Spirit* in them, and such extravagant Flights, as it may be too hard, in time, to restrain; I know who are the Fools. We may flatter our selves, they are doing our Work: But it is manifest they are doing *their Own*. We imagine them our *Tools*: But I fear, the *Tools* may come to be too hard for the *Workmen*.

You have here my free Thoughts. I have this peculiarity in my Temper, that I am more affected and angry, at the Vices, and Evil Practices of my own *Party*, than of the contrary: and think my self more obliged to declare against them. And I cannot but think, there never was such Ground as there is at this time. We used to complain of the Methods and Arts of the *Whigs*: And we are now combating them with more infamous Weapons, than they ever, in my memory, used against *us*. We are lamenting the Profaneness of others: What greater *Profaneness* is there than to be *Wicked* for the *Church*? We are crying out upon *Hypocrisie*: What greater *Hypocrisie* is there, than to make an extravagant noise about Obedience, the Cloak for *Turbulency*? And, what seems a Fate upon us, our *Wit* is dwindled with our *Honesty*, and our *Sense* hath forsaken us, together with our *Plain-dealing*. I know not how it is with you in *London*; but in the *Country*, I profess to you, I can hardly meet with any one thing writ on our side, but what is either *inhumanly dull*, or *inhumanly abusive*; what is enough to make either the *Man* very *sick*, or the *Christian* very *melancholy*. Whether it be that the chief *Light* of our *Cause* is at present carried in a *Dark-Lantern*; or that our *New Heads* are resolved to keep all their deep Sense within their own unsearchable Breasts; or that it is thought best to adapt

adapt every thing to the Capacity of *Watermen Porters, Carmen, and Plowmen*, leaving *Gentlemen* and *Men of common Sense* to shift for themselves; or that we in the *Country*, are permitted to have nothing but what some *Whig-Booksellers* in *Town* will let us: This I can assure you, that I can meet with nothing to put into the Hands of a sensible *Whig-Neighbour* who visits me, but what makes him think us *insipidly mad*, and what sets him ten times more against us than he was before. The last Paper I sent him, He this Morning returned with this Note in the Blank-leaf, *God be thanked I have now lived to see the Party-writings of the Tories as void of Wit, as ever I thought their Cause to be, of Reason.* I desire, if You have any thing that may serve to take off this Reproach, You would immediately send it down to me. But of all things I intreat You, let me have nothing that bears any relation to the *Author of Timothy and Philathens*, who, I hear, hath been dabling again. For *A Wag is my Aversion*: And, with me, *want of Decency is always want of Sense*. His first *Work* gave me disgust enough: And I confess my amazement is hardly yet diminished, that *Christians* and *Divines*, who expung'd, as I have been inform'd, so much of his *Obscenity, Profaneness, and Folly*, could still leave so much behind: especially when they had *Martial's* easie Rule before them, — *Unusquisque potest.* There are a sort of *Writings*, not to be corrected but by one long black stroke of the Pen.

Indeed, we have hardly one *Writer* on our side as I see: But the Weight of a numerous Company of *Scriblers*, void of *Sense* and *Good Manners*; setting neither *Dead* nor *Living*; insulting the one, beyond Example, and abusing the other, beyond *Patience*. If any of us condescend to argue, we are for

ed to acknowledge the truth of the main *Whig Principles*, as hath been now done in the Face of the whole World. And yet the next News we hear of from our Quarter, is *Obedience without Reserves*, and I know not what *Monsters* of equal *Wickedness* and *Nonsense*. When we are forced to explain our selves upon *Absolute Non-resistance*, or *Hereditary Right*: We have the Absurdity to own that by *Absolute Non-resistance*, we mean a *Non-resistance* which is not *Absolute*; and that by *Hereditary Right*, we mean the same with the *Whigs Parliamentary Right*. And yet we have the Conscience to raise the Spirits of the poor People against them, by the deceitful use of these Words, & by Clamours about a Difference, where we cannot maintain any. If this don't do, why then We have a farther Fetch; viz. to tax them with secret Intents against our *Church and Monarchy*, contrary to all the Rules, I will not say of *Christianity*; (for it seems to be forgotten that We are *Christians*;) but of *Heathen Justice*, or *Mahomitan Honesty*. In one Word, Our *Champion*, our *Addresses*, our *Writers*, our *Methods*, are all of a piece. I will undertake that, at a lucky conjuncture of Circumstances, the best Set of *Principles*, and of *Men* that ever yet appear'd, might be run down, and exploded, for a time, by the like *Persons*, and the like *Means*. But remember again, that I have said to you, *They that make use of them, will, at length, be sunk by them.*

Before I ease You of this trouble, I will add a word or two. Our Friends are grown very fond of *Fest-days*: But their Thoughts, I find, always run upon the Sins of others. Why should we not once call to mind our own? and instead of blaming our selves for the Malice of *Lunatics*, the Folly of those whom no body regards, and so much as knew of, before We, out of our

Christi-

Christian Compassion, disclosed the Infernal Scene; instead of this, I say, vvhhy should vve not pulickly repent in Dust and Ashes for that Scene of Villany, and Scandle, vvhich is vworking on our side, and vvhich I cannot say, vve desire so much as to seem to discourage. And for the time to come, let us dare to be honest; if vve think fit to enter the Lists, let us combate our Neighbours upon equal Terms, and not be so dishonourable as to fight them with Weapons that make us an Overmatch for all that have any degree of Love to their Country, or of Modesty, or of Humanity, left. I am. &c.

POSTSCRIPT

I have just now receiv'd the Impartil Account of the Proceedings in the last Sessions, &c. and have consider'd it enough to tell you, that I am still more confirm'd in what I have been lamenting. The very Title-page is Knavery; and the Conclusion as plainly points to a second Restoration, as any one could well dare to do, before it comes to pass. The Tenderness express'd, p. 11. to Papists and non-jurors, as if it was unreasonable to look upon them as Enemies ready to disturb our Government, hath an appearance in it, shocking to every honest Man who hath taken the Oaths: And the ridiculous Contradiction of boasting of the Zeal of the Mob, against those whom our Friends have nick-nam'd Republicans, and yet attempting to throw the scandal of the Tumults upon those very Persons who are so nick-named, will remain upon record, as great a Testimony of Understanding, as the former is of Honesty. I am told we are indebted to a celebrated Patron of our Cause for this Account. If this be true, so much the worse; so much the greater load of Scandal upon us. I pass by multitude of other points, which, I am sorry to say, are utterly unjustifiable. Integrity and Honour seem to be entirely forgotten. God help a Cause that is supported by such Methods! Adieu. 4 FF 62